Baſt. No my Lord.

Gloſt. My Lord of Kent; remember him hereafter as my honorable friend..

Baſt. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Gloſt. Hee hath beene out nine yeares, and away hee ſhall againe, the King is comming.

Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany, and Cornwell, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my Lords of France and Burgundy, *Gloſter.*

Gloſt. I ſhall my Leige.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes;
The map there; know we haue diuided
In three, our kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſines of our ſtate;
Confirming them on yonger yeares,
The two great Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great ryuals in our youngeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwerd, tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bountie may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it;
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt!

Gon. Sir I do loue you more then words can weild the matter,
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace or libertie,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beautie, honour;
As much a child ere loued, or father friend;
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* doe? loue and be ſilent.

Lear. Of al theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,
With ſhady forreſts, and wide skirted meades,
We make thee Lady; to thine and *Albaines* iſſue,
Be this perpetuall; what ſaies our ſecond daughter?

Our

Our deereſt *Regan*, wife to *Corn*

Reg. Sir I am made of the ſelfe
And prize me at her worth in my
I find ſhe names my very deed of
That I profeſſe my ſelfe an enemi
Which the moſt precious ſquare
And find I am alone felicitate, in

Cord. Then poore *Cord.* & yet
My loues more richer then my to

Lear. To thee and thine hered
Remaine this ample third of our
No leſſe in ſpace, validity, and p
Then that confirm'd on *Gonorill*,
Although the laſt, not leaſt in ou
What can you ſay to win a third
Then your ſiſters.

Cord. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. How? nothing can co

Cord. Vnhappie that I am, I c
mouth; I loue your Maieſtie acco
leſſe.

Lear. Goe to, goe to; mend yo
Leaſt it may mar your fortunes.

Cord. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lo
I returne thoſe duties backe as ar
Obey you, loue you, and moſt h
Why haue my ſiſters huſbands,
Happely when I ſhall wed, that
Muſt take my plight, ſhall cary
Halfe my care and duty; ſure I ſh
Mary like my ſiſters, to loue m

Lear. But goes this with thy

Cord. I good my Lord.

Lear. So yong, and ſo vntende

Cord. So yong my Lord, and

Lear. Well let it be ſo, thy tr
For by the ſacred radience of th

B

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.17)